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THE SUMMER SHOWER
Sweet rain!
Glimmer, glitter softly down!

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Sweet rain!
Glimmer, glitter softly down!
Patter over fields and down!

Sweetest rain!
O, bless this summer even,
Spreads in the clouds of Heaven,

Sweetest rain!
O, keep each blossoming spray in damp!
O, on the perfumed herbage tramp!

Sweetest rain!
O, soothe the garden's haunts—O, press
The shrubbery's spicy juices!

Sweetest rain!
Thou bring thy fragrant lips to me,
O, sweetest rain, O, hurry!

Sweetest rain!
Oh! melt upon my bosom in bliss,
Me thrill with thy sweetest kisses!

Sweetest rain!
Bless, O, bless this summer even,
In the cloud built hall of Heaven,

Sweetest rain!
Eloise spirits who gather, and
Like the wild bride of Hildesbrand,

Sweetest rain!
Weave a woof of mist and gem,
With water-beds, and dropping tears,

Sweetest rain!
Bath in revivifying showers,
This panting, scorching town of ours!

Sweetest rain!
Keep it before the people,
That the earth was made for man,

Sweetest rain!
That the flowers were strewn
And fruits were grown,

Sweetest rain!
To bless and never tobane;
That sun and rain,

Sweetest rain!
And coin and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother—

Sweetest rain!
Three gifts from Heaven,
And freshly given,

Sweetest rain!
To one as well as another!
Keep it before the people,

Sweetest rain!
That famine and crime and wo
Forever abide,

Sweetest rain!
Still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show,

Sweetest rain!
That Lazarus crawl
From Divos' halls,

Sweetest rain!
And staves at his feet, my brother—
Yet life was given

Sweetest rain!
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another,

Sweetest rain!
Keep it before the people,
That the laborer claims his meed—

Sweetest rain!
The right of soil,
From spurs and bridles freed!

Sweetest rain!
The right to hear,
And the right to share,

Sweetest rain!
With you and me, my brother—
Whom God was given,

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By God from Heaven,
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I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean beating, though many a fellow, if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face, if she only acted a little perversely, just as he had acted, perhaps, only the moment before; but the scourging I speak of, is with the eye; you may stare, but it is the Married Man's Eye. Come, let us go to the village; I owe everybody a visit, particularly Ormsby, who has just married my little pet.

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very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never helped her to anything he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece she liked. He actually punished himself, that he might scourge the unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way, when she thought he was particularly good-humored, she asked him for a slice not quite so rare, he would say some bitter or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro waiting would like to kick him.

It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no children; for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them for the pleasure of tormenting his wife. When she found that all his happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her attention to another and a better. There she found peace and love—a love tender and enduring. She fell sick, at length, and then you should have seen the hypocrite. Oh, how he would run for the leecher and blood-letting, for the doctor and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands. Almost every one, save the servants and your aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the Doctor called him a pattern-husband.

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and drive Brutus away from the door; he is scratching at it, and Mrs. Emerson was not to be kept uneasy. Emerson here cast another look. 'What,' thought I, 'do all men change in this way after marriage? My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. "Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on thee?"

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Very little notice was taken of her. There she sat, in a corner by herself, smiling and nodding, and looking so happy—poor old thing!—but to my eyes, she did not seem to belong to the people around her. She was a delicate, lady-like looking woman, with a mild expression, and of quiet manners; while the broad were needy, care-worn, sinister-looking people; rough and uneducated. Even the father, although of coarse exterior, had a cast of superiority. We often see this in families, and there is no accounting for it.

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'Yes, I shall now be forever watching the married man's eye; but just for fun's sake, if you are not tired, let us go down into this oyster-cellar, and see what kind of eye old Cato has. I hear the pan going; his wife is frying oysters.'

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looking fiercely at his wife, as he replaced his hat on his head; you are always doing something or other to make me look ridiculous. Your own foolish hat was dragged from your own foolish head in this very spot.

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REMOVALS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, REAL ESTATE AGENT, and other public notices.